

P S

3545

E 65H3

1910

Wenner, Blanche Howard.

Hawaiian memories.

New York, 1910.



Class PS 3545
Book E65 H3
1910

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

Blanche Howard Wenner



Cochrane Publishing Company
Tribune Building
New York
1910

PS 3545
.E65 H3
1910

Copyright, 1910, by
COCHRANE PUBLISHING Co.

©CL A261512

Ms. C. 8. 6. 20-1910
O m P 20 Sept 34

INDEX

5. Diamond Head.
6. On the Old Moana Pier.
8. To The Pali.
11. The Dive.
12. The Widow of Waikiki.
15. The Trail to Tantalus.
16. Hawaiian Garden.
17. The Luau.
18. The Makers of the Lei.
19. Ode to Hawaiian Night.
21. From a Surf Board.
22. Hawaiian Morning.
23. Molokai.
24. Flying Fish.
25. Reef Dreams.
26. Hawaiian Singing.
27. Amongst the Koa Trees.
28. Kilauea.
29. L'Envoi.
30. Out of the Golden Gate.

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

DIAMOND HEAD

Great sentinel of tropic loveliness,
Titanic rock, clear cut in majesty,
Across whose rigid back the winds flow free,—
Art thou the monument of that duress
Whence sprang the charm that lingering pilgrims
 bless

The verdant islands guarded so by thee?
Or priest art thou for all that burdened sea,
Whose long blue waves at thy still feet confess?
Unchanging giant, well may scan thy mien
These people, ever luring pleasure sweet;
For thou, all gray amidst the gardens green,
And golden quiver of the sunlight's beat.
Standest, as did that ancient Ark of Right,
Thro' storms unflinching in thy furrowed might.

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

ON THE OLD MOANA PIER

To the heart of many a maiden
Who has sojourned in Hawaii,
There's a spot forever laden
With a smile and with a sigh.
So ho, for the times so far and dear,
When they wandered in the morning
On the old Moana Pier.
Then the violet sea was tumbled
O'er the reefs, and softly grumbled
As the silver sands were crumbled
In the sun-light hot and clear;
Then the distant palms were gleaming,
And the deeps with fish were teeming,
While her eyes in his were dreaming
On the Old Moana Pier.

And the afternoon would find them
Pacing o'er the foot-worn walk,
While the Trade Winds blew behind them
Little jestings from their talk.
So ho, for the days so far and dear,
When they lingered in the sun-light
On the Old Moana Pier.

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

Then the distant ships arriving,
And the breeze blown-palm trees striving
And the naked natives diving
From the brown raft floating near—
Seemed but pictures strange and olden,
Etched upon the sunshine golden,
All by them to be beholden
From the Old Moana Pier.

Strange old pier, so long and silent,
Stretching out to meet the sea,
You have harbored scenes quite violent—
(Tropic loves that quickly flee!)
So ho, for those star-sweet nights so dear,
When they walked another dance out on the
Old Moana Pier.

Then the lights were softly glowing,
And the distant music flowing,
Through the shadows, deeper growing,
Brought a wonder and a fear
Of "Aloha" softly ringing,
And the far surf's ceaseless singing,
While the Tropic night came swinging
O'er the Old Moana Pier.

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

TO THE PALI

(On Horseback)

I mount—we are off—my lady and I,
And the hard road beneath us, in flashes doth
fly.
I flee from the town, and the soft dreaming heat;
Now strike for the hills, with your swift flying
feet!

Here steady, now, steady!
The climb's yet to make,
And I am not ready
Your smooth neck to break!

On we swing, and the ring of her hoofs on the
road,
The one sound all around—how it beats off my
load!

Cool breath from the banyon;
We're nearing the canyon;
Green rice fields below
Like little squares show. Whoa!

Now wheel about, for one last look I'll turn.
Behold the sea in silver sunlight burn;
Far to the left, straight from the reaches free,
Rolls in the shining surf of Waikiki;
And in the vale, with Royal Palms above,
Lies Honolulu, city of my love.

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

Now on, my fine lady, your spirit ne'er slacks!
 Feel the breeze in our faces, the sun on our
 backs.
We have entered the canyon—ah, here's a good
 place—
With that hard road ahead—are you game for
 a race?

What a wild rush of air!
How the rigid rocks flash.
Oh, the wind in my hair!
Slow, my lady, you're rash.

I would see, as we flee, how the little green trees
Wave and bend to the trend of the Pali's mad
 breeze.

What a keenness it brings!
See, yonder are springs;
There's a shelter I know
From the wind's battle-blow. Whoa!

How clear the water is, how pure and cold!
And high above the mountain, brown and
 bold,
On whose far heights the speeding wind doth rip,
 Seizing all things within his greedy grip,
And even the waterfalls he tears away,
 Throwing them upward in a wail of spray.

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

Come, forward, my lady, the Pali's ahead!

We must stand on the brink, e'er the sunlight
is dead.

There's a little cloud speeding adown the wind's
train,

And if I mistake not, 'twill drench us with
rain.

But away! we are glad

Through the cloud's misty curtain

To leap—'tisn't bad!

But it's wet—that is certain.

Oh, I thrill to the will of the surf-scented
shower—

Ah, at last it is past; now the sunlit cliff's
tower!

There's the gap and the ocean—

Quick, charge this mad motion!

'Tis the Pali's own blow.

Here's the brink and below—Whoa!

How green and sweet the sugar cane's wide
fields!

How fresh the pineapples yon meadow yields!
While far away the brilliant, bounding sea.

O'er whose blue surface sweep the Trade
Winds free.

And this steep cliff, across whose edge they tell

A conquered people struggled, fought and
fell!

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

THE DIVE

He stands erect, slender and shining brown,
 The native boy;
Hands high, but eyes upon the sea bent down,
 Gleaming with joy.
He springs—a second's bronzy flash is seen—
 Then swift he shoots into the sea's clear green.

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

THE WIDOW OF WAIKIKI

(*A ballad*)

She was the widow of Waikiki, little, blase and
pert;

And her deepest plan was to snare a man
For a moon-lit evening's flirt.

But wasn't it sad for a gay Marine

To awake with an aching head—

To have lost a girl, with teeth like pearl

Thro' the lure of a parasol red?

'Tis a pleasant thing of an afternoon

To sit on a long lanai,

And watch the surf boards skim the deep.

And the pretty girls go by.

Now he was a handsome officer.

And a little bit swift at that.

And she was the widow of Waikiki,

With cherries upon her hat.

She loitered by, with a melting eye—

(Oh, the Tropic day was warm!)

And a little talk, and a little walk

Should never end in harm.

But out on the pier is a joyesome place,

In the sunset's tender light:

And an automobile, and the Country Club,

Are nice on a Tropic night.

So he sent for a brother officer,

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

Who for fun was always game;
And they got a girl from the Orpheum
To keep it from being tame.
So off they went, when the day was spent,
And as over the road they sped,
The thought of the girl, with teeth like pearl
Had not yet entered his head.
Yet he was engaged to the preacher's daughter,
Pretty, petite, and good,
Who walked in the straight and narrow path,
As a preacher's daughter should.
And even that night, she was waiting for him,
To sit on the small lanai,
Or to wander in father's garden,
Under a starry sky.
But the Country Club (oh, there's the rub)
Is so charming a place, I ween,
That you never know where the minutes go—
Alas! for the gay Marine!
For when he thought, in the midst of the feast,
Of the maiden there alone,
In panic he rushed, with shaky legs,
To call her up by 'phone.
And so mixed he was, that his addled brain
Thus wrenched the heart of the beauty;
"I am hopelessly detained, dear love,
At the Country Club, *on duty!*"

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

Now who would think that the glasses' clink
The telephone wires won't cover?
And the words she said will buzz in his head—
Until he finds another.

Oh, the Country Club, on its wonderful links
Is a dangerous place to be;
And woman and wine and song, 'tis said,
Are an officer's devils three;
But what is lost is lost, you know,
And there's no use recalling;
And a host must do his best, you know,
When the Tropic moon-light's falling.
So a gay Marine, and a swift machine,
And the ocean by them whizzes!
And the widow is "on" for a Marathon,
In the wake of a few gin fizzes.

She was the widow of Waikiki, little, blasé, and
pert.

And her deepest plan was to snare a man
For a moon-lit evening's flirt.

But wasn't it sad for a gay Marine
To awake with an aching head—
To have lost a girl, with teeth like pearl,
Thro' the lure of a parasol red?

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

THE TRAIL TO TANTALUS

Come, comrade, we will strike the winding trail,
Where spicy odors on the sunlight sail;
The trail that leads 'neath Eucalyptus trees,
Whose silver shadow woo the brilliant breeze.
And there, with gray-gold lights to mantle us,
We'll sing our pæan to old Tantalus.
So come, my friend.

'Tis quite a grade that we will have to make,
Ere that cold stream our clin-dried lips will
slake.
But, oh, the zest in working towards the heights!
And, looking down upon the valley's lights
We'll see the rain-bow o'er Manoa place.
And slender mists of rain by sunlight chased.
Then, comrade, come.

Nay, linger not; you know old Tantalus
Doth ever smile his welcome down on us,
Since first together we achieved his crest,
And sat upon his bare, cool heights to rest—
Commanding from his summit all of life,
Volcanic valleys, and the sea's far strife.
Dear comrade, come.

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

HAWAIIAN GARDEN

Breath of a full-blown blossom as it dies;
Scarlet Hibiscus and white butterflies;
The ragged whisper of banana trees;
And far away the hiving hum of bees.
Cocoanuts falling where the sunlight gleams;
Soft folding of blue water flowers in dreams,
O'er Waikiki a gull upon the wing;
Silence—and in the garden Love is King.

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

THE LUAU

(From a tourist's point of view.)

Those natives in the garden—how they dig!
What! They are taking up the roasted pig?
(*Or dog!*) All swathed in shining leaves of Ti!
Well, this looks like the very thing to me!

I say, dark maid, I haven't any fork
With which to test this charming piece of pork.
You don't use any! Really, pretty lass?
Well, then, that calabash of fruit please pass.
How charmingly "the Princess" doth preside.
(I wouldn't eat like this to save my hide!)
Some way upon the taste things seem to cloy.
What! Dip my fingers in this bowl of poi!
My appetite is gone—I wonder why!
If this lasts long, upon my word I'll die.
And now "the Princess" shares her perfume
rare!
My handkerchief is ruined—Help, Lord—Air!

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

THE MAKERS OF THE LEI

Through sun-bright hours in the narrow street,
Plucking the red carnations sweet,
Hard by the cool, gray curb they sit,
And thread the flower leaves, bit by bit—
The makers of the Lei.

Dark old men, who dream of the past,
Glib, fat women, whose tongues run fast;
Working, gossiping, waving their flowers
At the passers-by through the fragrant hours—
The makers of the Lei.

Leis of yellow and red and blue,
Their dusky fingers are flitting through;
Green-leaved leis that shine in the light,
And they smile o'er the ginger's scented white.
The makers of the Lei.

Scarlet leis they hang on their arms
For the Hula dancers' dusky charms
Pink for the gay young lover's hat,
And they give an extra twist to that—
The makers of the Lei.

Leis to welcome the stranger guest,
And to bid god-speed the friends loved best;
Till it seems they cause in those leis to lie,
The charmed sweetness of old Hawaii—
The makers of the Lei.

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

ODE TO HAWAIIAN NIGHT

O, tranced Night! Silver Hawaiian Night,
Filled with the mysteries of all things sweet—
Here with the darkness touched, there with the
white,
Still veil of moon-beams wrapped about thy
feet.
O, voice of Passion answering the soul,
And velvet hands that touch the spirit's
wings,
And hold on high the purple starry scroll
Whereon God's harmony forever sings!
Night, to the mystic throbbing of thy breast
Gather my senses, calling out for rest.

Thou comest now, even as thou didst of yore,
When the dark natives lived upon the isles,
Built their strange huts, and danced upon the
shore,
Tuning their music to thy saddest smiles.
And now, as then, thou sweep'st upon the light.
Chasing it far across the round, dim sea,
And with the yearning sweetness of the night,
Gather'st the verdant islands close to thee.
So, for long hours they lie in thy embrace,
While high above the stars slip on through
space.

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

Of thee all wondrous, sweetest things are
born,—

The night song of the surf upon the reef,
And Love first whisper—stranger to the morn—
And Sleep that seals the heavy eyes of Grief.
And that pure flower, the Cereus, doth seem,
Like to a baby's soul, new-born, to lie
Within thy dusk, and like a maiden's dream,
With the first distant breath of light to die.
Yea, they are highly sweet, these things of
thine.

Oh, though the spirit's kinship make them
mine!

Oh, Mother Night, moon-sweet Hawaiian
Night,

Beneath thy breath the Tropic loves unfold,
Even as the Cereus in its silver white
And fairy fragrance; and before the old
Worn light of days can mar it where it lies,
So golden-hearted on the wall, it pales
And slips to death,—so quickly thy love dies,
And all its strength in one deep night exhales!
And yet more rare and precious seem those
things.

Whose birth and death are compassed by thy
wings.

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

FROM A SURF BOARD

Closely I cling
To the wet, brown thing—
 And wait.
There's a green wave swinging
To soft foam singing—
 Now straight!

Point for the shore—HOLD TIGHT!
I travel fast on its emerald height,
And rise to my feet in the thing's wild flight.

Hands out—head back—clear the way!
I am drunk with the speed of the salt-tanged
 spray!
I am borne like a god on the water's roar!
Slip,—Plunge! *Ouf, I must swim to shore.*

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

HAWAIIAN MORNING

Out of the silent wells of night
Sings a little child of light.
Over the darkened arch of sea,
Shod with sun-light wanders she.
And the Gardens of Hawaii
Lure her, as she passes by.

There her freshest smile she brings;
There her rarest song she sings;
Pouring there her sweetest balms
To filter through the long-leaved palms.
Passes sadly on her way—
Looking backwards all the day.

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

MOLOKAI

(*"The Leper Island"*)

Far distant o'er the ocean's shining miles,

In that sweet zone where all the shafts of sun
Leap fresh from the Equator one by one,

She lies alone—amongst her sister isles,
And every hour marks Death upon her dials.

While over them the moon-gay pleasures run
Her web is of the darkest meshes spun,

And on her hills a spirit army files.

O, Molokai, upon whose verdant breast

The still, white ghost of Leprosy is nursed,
What sorrow hangs above thy sunlit crest!

What voice of pain by thy sad surf rehearsed!
And yet, sweet stranger in the Tropic Sea,

A tender, Mother-work is done by thee.

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

FLYING FISH

Like instant, wingéd thoughts they leap,
 To swift and iridescent flight—
A second's gleaming way they keep—
 Then plunge into the sea's blue night

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

REEF DREAMS

I dreamed that all the still, sad tears,
My soul had wept away from thee,
Had turned to silver phosphorus
And floated on a Tropic Sea.

I dreamed that all the words we spoke,
Through charmed nights so long ago,
Had found their voices in the sea,
And murmured on the coral reefs low.

I dreamed my soul was but a bloom
Of Cereus, so silver white,
And thine the strangely vibrant moon
That found its golden heart one night.

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

HAWAIIAN SINGING

O, Life, that beats in every tone!
No other cadences like those
Ever in my soul's palace rose—
So gayly sweet and sadly lone.

One with the sun-green isles it seems
Beneath—the struggling, surging fires;
Above—the palm trees' windy lyres,
Whose sweetness follows in our dreams.

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

AMONGST THE KOA TREES

How sweet to dream amongst the Koa trees!
There on the mountain's shoulder with the
haze
Of Kilauea on the slow, blue breeze,
Raising itself to meet the sun's keen rays.

Yes, there to lie at length,
Tingling with life and strength,
Stretched in the crooked lines of shade and
light,
And ponder on the Koa forest bright.

How still it is! The sky of cobalt blue,
The cool and golden sparkle of the air—
Is it through days like this the gnarled trees
grew,
And yet could find themselves no shape more
fair?
Or do those crooked limbs await
Old Kilauea's hiss of fate?
Enwrapping them, even as those trees of old,
Whose death we read in sunken lava mould.

And yet a thousand years may come and go,
Ere that wild creature issues forth again;
And here upon this old tree fallen low,
I lie and ponder things beyond Man's ken.
But oh, 'tis sweet to dream at ease,
Alone amongst the Koa trees!
While far around the blue-gold charm doth lie,
And clasps within its magic all Hawaii.

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

KILAUEA

A Silence desolate lies over all
Those mist-hung leagues of hardened lava
waves;
Whence a red beacon lures to those mad caves
Where liquid light lashes its prison wall.
Held in the grip of Nature's rocky thrall,
Struggling for the far Freedom that it craves
Ever the mumbling mountain's side it braves,
While winds blow back the smoke's titanic
pall.
Oh, mighty force of God! Oh, spawn of Life!
Which deep within the Earth's hot heart doth
breed,
Searing our brains with thy convulsive strife,
Here on these sea-far isles we pause and
read!
While the pale pilot stars in their dim height,
Cours quietly on o'er the red eye of Night.

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

L'ENVOI

I will not say good-bye to thee,
For he who once has been thy guest,
Though wandering far beyond the sea,
Will seek again thy star-lit rest.
Aloha !

I shall not even say good-night ;
Thou knowest sometimes nights are long.
Full measure I received of light ;
I give—these memories of song.
Aloha !

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES

OUT OF THE GOLDEN GATE

Out of the Golden Gate, ahoy! Out of the
Golden Gate!

Where the wild wind swings,
And the spendthrift sings,
And the strange, far countries wait.

I'll breathe no sigh for the Past, ahoy!
I'll breathe no sigh for the Past.
For the furrow deep
Shall charm my sleep,
And I am free at last.

Now let the pilot go, ahoy! Now let the pilot go.
For we must head
To the sunset red,
Where the sea-tanged tempests blow.

So pull her to the West, ahoy! Oh, pull her to
the West!
'Till the cliff-house fails,
And the coast-wise sails
Are hid by the sea's white crest.

Then buck the bounding waves, ahoy! Oh, buck
the bounding waves!
Let the phosphorus ball
Through the black sea crawl,
Over the sailors' graves.

Let the old wind tear and rip, ahoy! Let the old
wind tear and rip!
Till the bending spars,
And the mist-blind stars
Into the ocean dip.



APR 28 1910





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 478 328 9